ECLIPSE COMICS
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2
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DESTROYER DUCK™
THE MARAUDING MALLARD-- TRAPPED!-- BETWEEN MEDEA'S FORKS OF FURY--
-- AND THE CURLING TERROR OF THE DISLOCATED SPINE!!
Jack Kirby
ALFREDO ALCALA

DESTROYER DUCK! MANSLAYING MALLARD ON A MISSION OF VENGEANCE!

CREATED BY
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MOMMIE NOISES!

IT IS THE MISTAKEN OPINION OF DUKE "DESTROYER" DUCK THAT HIS MISSION TO THE WORLD OF PINK PRIMATES HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED
NED PACKER-- PRESIDENT OF GODCORP, LTD. AND MURDERER OF DUKE'S BEST FRIEND, THE LITTLE GUY-- IS DEAD.
HOLMES, THE LITTLE GUY'S ATTORNEY, HAS FILED SUIT AGAINST GODCORP, ALLEGING EVERYTHING FROM MONOPOLISTIC TRADE PRACTICES TO VIVISECTION OF SAPIENT LIFE-FORMS.
DAILY PLANET
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TO PROBE GODCORP
LAWYER CHARGES F.T.C. VIOLATIONS, CRUELTY TO DUCKS
SO DUKE BUILDS A NEW NEGA-SPACE TRANSPORT FOR HIS JOURNEY HOME-- UNAWARE THAT DEATH (OR ITS DULY-APPOINTED AGENT) HAS DRAWN A BEAD ON HIS FEATHERED SKULL!

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THIS IS URANUS P. CHICAGO-- WHO CHANGED HIS NAME NUMEROLOGICALLY AFTER A PERFECTLY AWFUL ACID TRIP IN 1968.
HIS RECHRISTENING WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BROUGHT HIM FAME--
--AND THEREFORE WEALTH AND FAWNING WOMEN-- ALL OF WHICH HE GREATLY DESIRED.
URANUS HAS SINCE FAILED AS AN ACTOR, A POET, A ROCK MUSICIAN, A COKE DEALER, AND A HOLISTIC NUTRITIONIST.
BUT HE WON'T-- HE CAN'T-- GIVE UP THE DREAM.
VISIONS OF CELEBRITY DANCING IN HIS HEAD, HE TAKES HIS SHOT AT THE DEFINITIVE UPSCALE OCCUPATION OF THE 'EIGHTIES:
ASSASSINATION.
THOTT!
BUT THE COVER OF "PEOPLE" ELUDES HIM AGAIN...!
≡quaaagh≤
CHEEOWW
≡CHOKE≤ WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, DUCK? WHY WON'T YOU DIE?
CHOOSH
CHANNG!
DON'T YOU UNDER-STAND?? YOU'VE GOT TO DIE-- FOR HER!--
-- FOR HER!!
ZZHIP!
PCHOWW!

FOR...
HER...
CLICK!
WHOMP
YEAH, WELL...
THUKK!
≥ggulgh≤
...THIS IS FOR ME!
FEEL LIKE TALKIN', DEADEYE -- OR DO I HAVETA GIVE MYSELF ANOTHER PRESENT FIRST?
≥sob≤ SHE WAS... SO PURE, SO INNOCENT... 'TIL HER MUSIC TEACHER MOLESTED HER!
IT WAS HIS FAULT! ≥sob≤ HE SET HER UP -- TO BE SEDUCED BY THAT NEUROTIC, MIDDLE-AGED PSEUDO-INTELLECTUAL FROM MANHATTAN!
HAH...?
NO WONDER SHE TURNED DYKE ≥sobe AND STOPPED ANSWERING MY LETTERS--!!
SHE WAS TOO HURT! SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE ANYONE CARED!
WHO?
WHO--!!?
MARIEL HEMINGWAY-- WHO ELSE??!
THAT'S WHY I TOOK THIS JOB! ≥choke≤ SO SHE'D KNOW I COULD PROTECT HER -- EVEN BETTER THAN HER SISTER!
"JOB?" YOU'RE GETTIN' PAID FOR THIS--?

UH, YEAH--YEAH!--I'M PICKIN' UP A LITTLE CHANGE! SO WHAT??
WELL, Y'KNOW--PURELY FROM THE INTENDED VICTIM'S POINT OF VIEW--
--IT AIN'T QUITE THE SAME AS MURDERIN' FOR LOVE!
SING, SCUMSUCKER! WHO PAID YOU? HOW MUCH? AND WHY??
≥Gnnph≤ N-NO--SHE'LL KILL ME--FORK ME--IF I TALK--!
WHO?? THIS DYKE OF YOUR DREAMS??
NO-O-O!!
DON'T SAY FILTHY THINGS LIKE THAT ABOUT MARIEL!!
IT WASN'T HER! IT WAS THIS WOMAN I MET--IN THE HOSPITAL--!
WHAT WOMAN? GIMME A NAME!
MEDEA!!
AND THE OUTFIT SHE WORKS FOR--ENFORCEMENT CONCEPTS, LTD.!!
THREE LITTLE WORDS. THREE LITTLE SOUL-CHILLING WORDS...
... THAT CAN ONLY MEAN: WHOLLY-OWNED SUBSIDIARY OF GODCORP!
≥QUAAAGH≤
BEAT IT, PUNK! HUSTLE YOUR BLACK-AND-BLUE BUTT BACK TO CORPORATE HINDQUARTERS!
AN' TELL THE BUMS IN THE EXECUTIVE SUITE--THEY'LL BE APPLYIN' FOR ENTRY-LEVEL JOBS IN HELL IF THEY TRY THIS AGAIN!
BOWERY HILLS HOTEL
THWUDD!

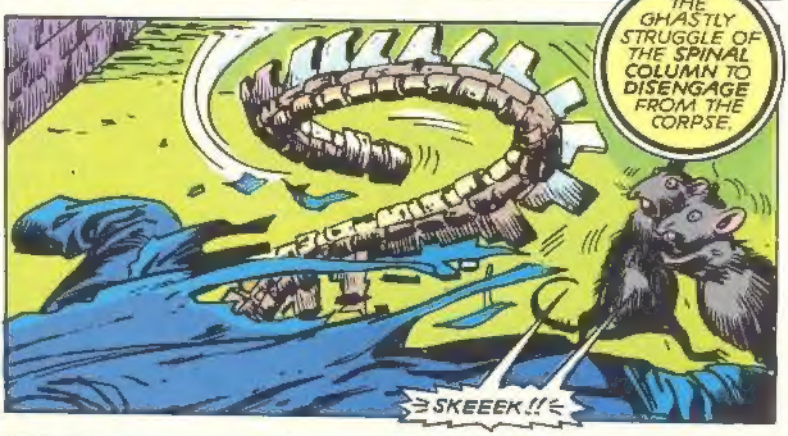
I MUST'A BEEN NUTS -- OR JUST PLAIN STUPID -- NOT TO EXPECT A RETALIATORY STRIKE.
I PULVERIZED THE PRESIDENT OF THEIR CORPORATION. NATURALLY, THEY'RE GONNA BE HONKED OFF --
-- EVEN IF THE COPS AND THE PAPERS DID BUY THEIR "INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT" STORY ON PACKER.
=hic= HOW'SH YER SPASHE-SHIP COMIN', DUKIE? READY =hic= FER BLASHT-OFF?
NOT YET, QUENTIN.
BY THE WAY... THERE'S A LEAKY PIPE IN THE BASEMENT. BETTER CALL A PLUMBER.
WHAT DOESN'T FIGURE, THOUGH...
...IS WHY THEY'D RISK ANOTHER CARCASS TO EXPLAIN!
UNLESS THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING SO COLOSSAL... THAT HOLMES' CHARGES, AND EVEN MURDER, PALE BY COMPARISON!
MAYBE THEY'D RATHER THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TURNED UP A FEW CORPSES THAN --
--THAN WHAT??
GODCORP ONLY KNOWS.
ON THAT DISCORDANT NOTE, THE GREAT GRAY MALLARD SLIPS INTO TROUBLED SLUMBER.
HALF A WORLD AWAY, IN THE MIDDLE EASTERN EMIRATE OF HOQOOM, IT IS MORNING.
FROM A ROOFTOP VANTAGE POINT, HIGH ABOVE THE NARROW, WINDING STREETS, BOOSTER COGBURN SURVEYS THE CAPITAL CITY.
"DO YOU FIND HOQOOM TO YOUR LIKING, Mr. COGBURN?" COMES A VOICE.
THEY EVEN SOUND SWARTHY.
LET'S JUST SAY... I WOULDN'T WANNA DIE HERE.

LUCKILY, I DIDN'T COME HERE TO CROAK. I CAME HERE TO DELIVER THE GOODS.
SO I SEE. MY PROPOSITION INTERESTS YOUR COMPANY, THEN?
THAT'S FOR Mr. UPWIND TO SAY, GENERAL. I'M NO BUSINESS-MAN. I JUST DO WHAT I'M TOLD.
AH! AND WHAT WERE YOU TOLD?
TO MAKE SURE YOU TOOK DELIVERY OF THAT ARMS SHIPMENT-- AND TO GIVE YOU THESE PLANE TICKETS.
Mr. UPWIND WANTS TO MEET YOU IN PERSON-- NEXT WEEK-- IN SWITZERLAND.
TELL ME, Mr. COGBURN-- HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS MATTER--
-- ABOUT YOUR COMPANY'S ASSOCIATION WITH MY ORGANIZATION?
I DON'T.
I'M A COMPANY MAN, GENERAL. I'M NOT PAID TO HAVE OPINIONS.
THE COMPANY TAKES ALL THE RISKS, SEE? SO I LEAVE THE MORAL JUDGMENTS TO THEM.
PERSONALLY, I FIGURE ALL YOU TERRORIST-TYPES FOR PISSANT COWARDS.
YOU WANNA KILL A GUY-- HAVE THE GUTS TO SHOOT HIM IN THE FACE!
DON'T BOMB HIS HOUSE AND SKAG HIS WIFE AND BABIES, TOO--Y'FOLLOW?
PERFECTLY.
SHOOT HIM IN THE FACE.
HOW SAD YOUR COMPANY DID NOT INFORM YOU...
...THAT GENERAL YAOUSAH ABUUK CARES LITTLE FOR SHEEP... AND LESS FOR SHEEP WHO INSULT HIM.
EEYAAAGH
BRRRRREP

BOOSTER COGBURN'S BULLET-RIDDLED BODY STRIKES THE GROUND 23 STORIES BELOW. VIRTUALLY EVERY BONE SHATTERS ON IMPACT.
⋹skeeek⋺
FOR LONG MOMENTS, WHILE THE HOQOOM LIBERATION FRONT MAKES OFF WITH THE ARMAMENTS, COGBURN LIES STILL...

THEN... IT BEGINS.
⋹skeeek?⋺
THE POKING UPWARD.

RRRIIPP
THE RIPPING OF FLESH.

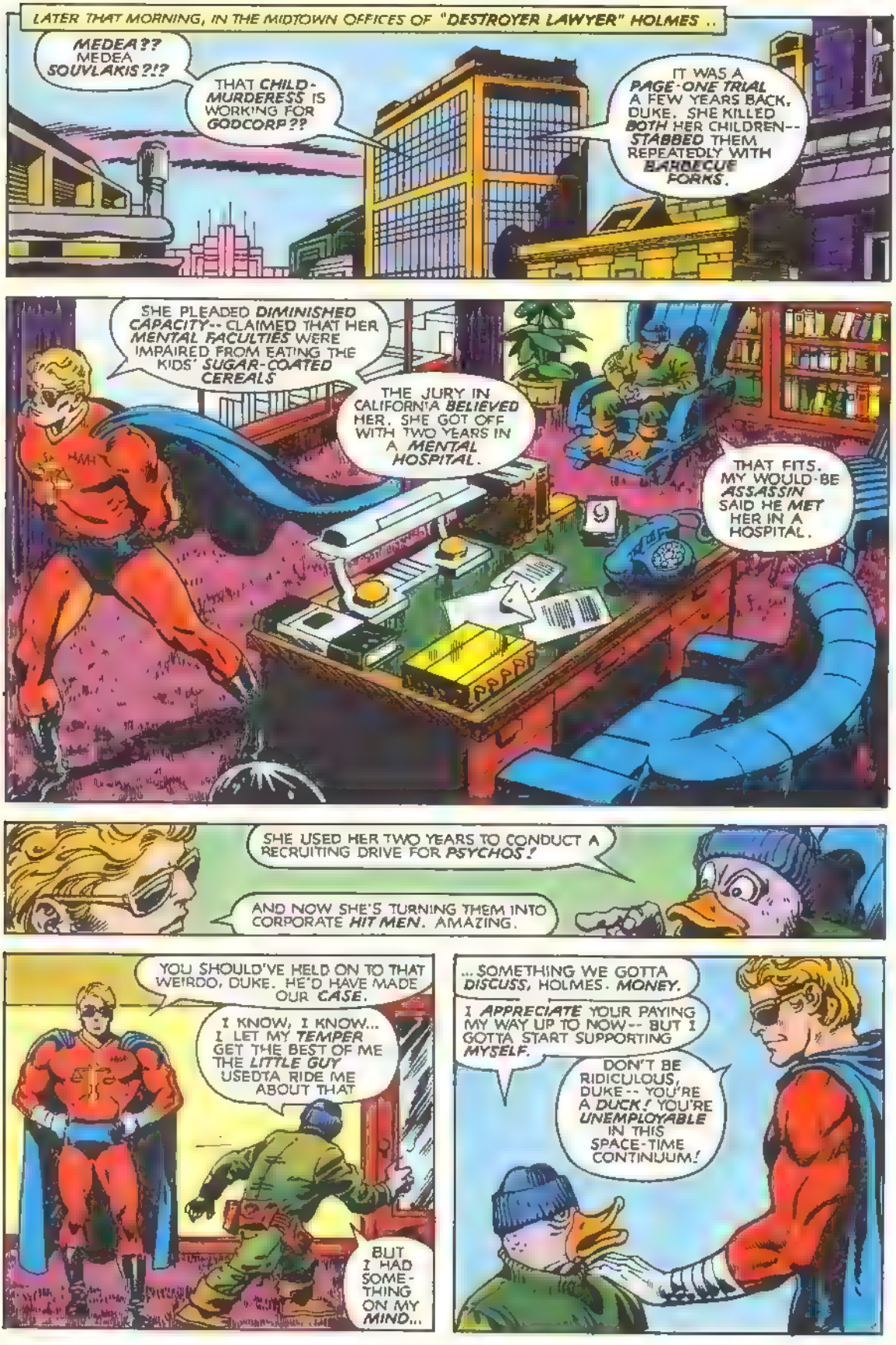

THE GHASTLY STRUGGLE OF THE SPINAL COLUMN TO DISENGAGE FROM THE CORPSE.
⋹SKEEEK!!⋺

JERKING AND WHIPPING VIOLENTLY, IT SEVERS EVERY FILAMENT OF CONNECTION TO THE DEAD MAN... AND THEN DEPARTS, CLATTERING DOWN THE ALLEY TOWARD SOME UNSPEAKABLE DESTINY.
THE RATS RESIST ANY TEMPTATION TO FOLLOW.

SOME HOURS LATER, DAWN BREAKS OVER THE LONG ISLAND HEADQUARTERS OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST CORPORATION... !
SYDNEY UPWIND, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD:
THE MOST SERIOUS CRISIS IN OUR CORPORATE HISTORY HAS ARISEN-- ON THE BRINK OF OUR COMPANY'S GREATEST AND MOST PROFITABLE EXPANSION.
THE HOQOOM DEAL MUST GO OFF AS PLANNED!
THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT PROBE MUST BE HALTED-- AND THE PUBLIC PERCEPTION OF GODCORP AS A POSITIVE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL INFLUENCE MUST BE REINFORCED.
RECOMMENDATIONS?
WOBLINA STRANGELEGS, HEAD OF GODCORP'S SOCIO-TECHNOLOGY DIVISION:
ENFORCEMENT CONCEPTS IS ALREADY ACTING TO TERMINATE THE DUCK, Mr. UPWIND. IMPAIRMENT SECTION HAS HOLMES UNDER SURVEILLANCE.
LEGAL, ENERGY, AND MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL CONCEPTS ARE READY TO MOVE IN HOQOOM ON YOUR AUTHORIZATION.
MEAD PACKER, BROTHER OF THE LATE NED PACKER, AND CHIEF OF THE LEISURE DIVISION:
ENTERTAINMENT CONCEPTS IS PACKAGING A WORLD TOUR FOR VANILLA CUPCAKE™! SHE'LL BE PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE WHITE HOUSE--
--THEN FLY TO HOQOOM, WHERE HER PRODUCT LINE HAS BEEN BANNED BY THE PRESENT REGIME.
WE'LL SNAP HER KISSING GENERAL ABUUK.
ABEL STUGG, HEAD OF GODCORP'S HUMAN NEEDS DIVISION:
MY PEOPLE WILL MOVE IN AFTER THE LIBERATION -- TO PROVIDE ALTERNATIVES FOR THE HOQOOMITES IN THE AREAS OF HEALTH CARE, SEWAGE, NUTRITION, HOUSING, AND THE MOURNING PROCESS.
WE WANT TO ESTABLISH A NURTURING, CARING RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN HOQOOM AND GODCORP.

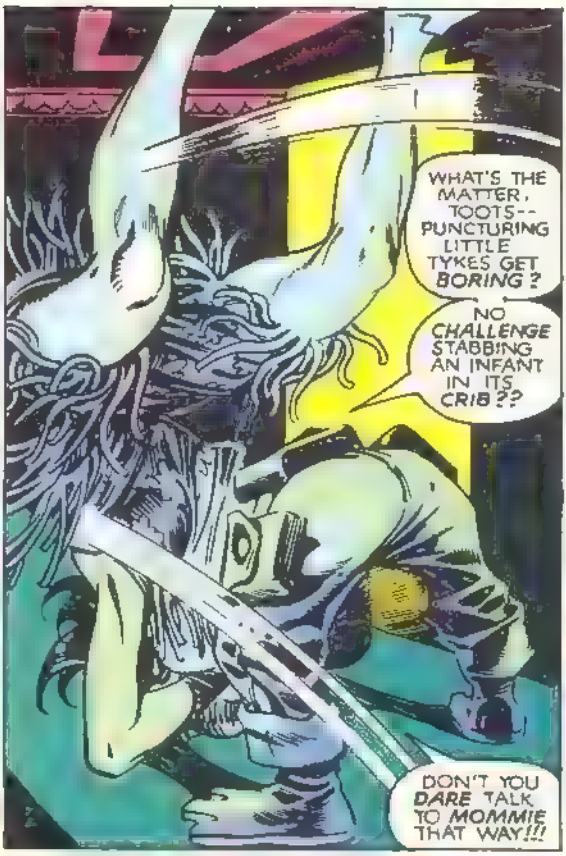
BE SURE IT'S A COST-EFFICIENT NURTURING, CARING RELATIONSHIP, ABEL.
WOBLINA, I'LL WANT A REPORT ON THE DISPOSITION OF THE DUCK MATTER.
MEDEA IS MY NEXT STOP, Mr. UPWIND.
SHORTLY, IN THE OFFICES OF ENFORCEMENT CONCEPTS, LTD. ...!
BAD BOY! BAD-BAD-BAD!!!
AAH-YAAGH!
YOU DIS-OBEYED ME! YOU'LL FEEL THE FORKS OF MEDEA PIERCE YOUR HEART FOR THIS!!!
ARRRGH NO!! PLEEEEASE!! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
EVERY ACCIDENT IS SOMEBODY'S FAULT!
IS THIS HOW YOU REPAY YOUR MOMMIE-- WITH CARE-LESSNESS???

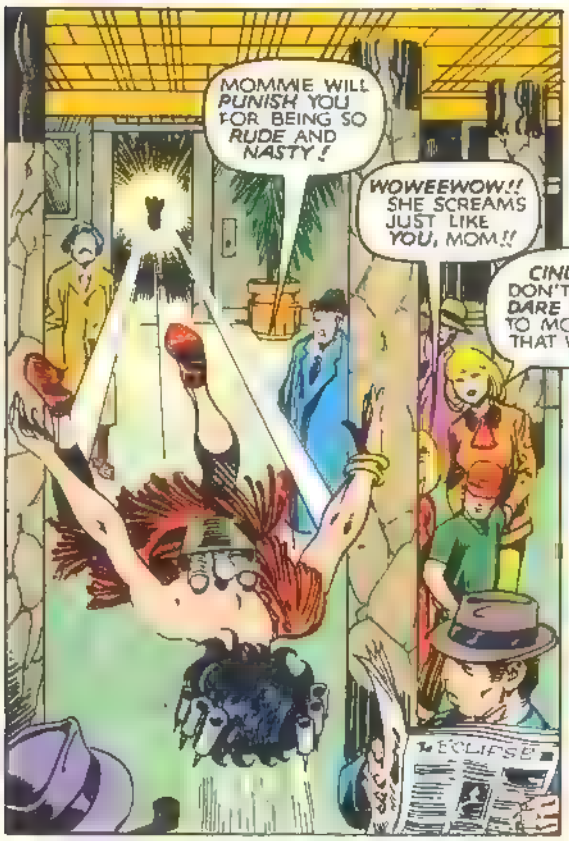
BE STILL AND TAKE YOUR PUNISHMENT, LITTLE BOY!!!
MEDEA-- NO!!
THAT'S A DIRECT ORDER FROM YOUR SUPERIOR!
STOP--OR I'LL DANCE!!!
OH, PISH AND TUSH, STRANGELEGS! THE AVENGING MOMMIE DOESN'T GIVE A TOOT!
MY LITTLE URANUS MADE POOP OF HIS MISSION TO KILL THE DU--
UHHHHK
THAT IS A PITY, "MOMMIE"--BUT LET'S NOT WASTE HIM JUST YET!
WE MIGHT WANT TO LEARN WHAT THE DUCK FOUND--
OWWWWT
MOMMIE DOESN'T WANT EXCUSES! MOMMIE WANTS TO KILL!
IN THAT CASE, IF URANUS DID FAIL-- YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH!
BUT "MOMMIE" WILL KILL DUCKS-- NOT FELLOW EMPLOYEES!
MOMMIE IS THE GROWN-UP. MOMMIE CAN KILL ANYBODY SHE WANTS... STRANGELEGS

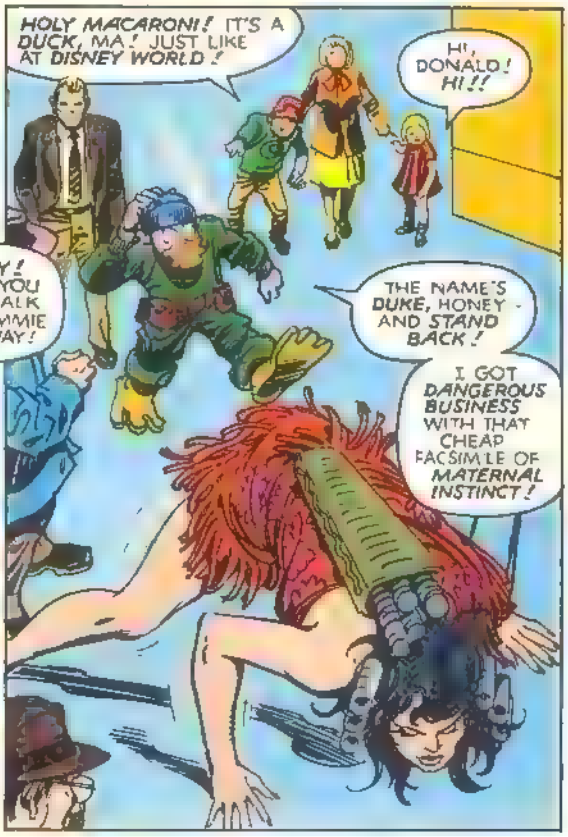

LATER THAT MORNING, IN THE MIDTOWN OFFICES OF "DESTROYER LAWYER" HOLMES ..
MEDEA?? MEDEA SOUVLAKIS?!?
THAT CHILD-MURDERESS IS WORKING FOR GODCORP??
IT WAS A PAGE-ONE TRIAL A FEW YEARS BACK, DUKE. SHE KILLED BOTH HER CHILDREN-- STABBED THEM REPEATEDLY WITH BARBECUE FORKS.
SHE PLEADED DIMINISHED CAPACITY-- CLAIMED THAT HER MENTAL FACULTIES WERE IMPAIRED FROM EATING THE KIDS' SUGAR-COATED CEREALS
THE JURY IN CALIFORNIA BELIEVED HER. SHE GOT OFF WITH TWO YEARS IN A MENTAL HOSPITAL.
THAT FITS. MY WOULD-BE ASSASSIN SAID HE MET HER IN A HOSPITAL.
SHE USED HER TWO YEARS TO CONDUCT A RECRUITING DRIVE FOR PSYCHOS!
AND NOW SHE'S TURNING THEM INTO CORPORATE HIT MEN. AMAZING.
YOU SHOULD'VE HELD ON TO THAT WEIRDO, DUKE. HE'D HAVE MADE OUR CASE.
I KNOW, I KNOW... I LET MY TEMPER GET THE BEST OF ME THE LITTLE GUY USEDTA RIDE ME ABOUT THAT
BUT I HAD SOME-THING ON MY MIND...
...SOMETHING WE GOTTA DISCUSS, HOLMES. MONEY.
I APPRECIATE YOUR PAYING MY WAY UP TO NOW-- BUT I GOTTA START SUPPORTING MYSELF.
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, DUKE-- YOU'RE A DUCK! YOU'RE UNEMPLOYABLE IN THIS SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM!

THANKS FOR THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE, HOLMES.. BUT I'M GONNA TRY, ANYWAY. I GOT MY PRIDE
WILL DO. AND DUKE-- BEFORE YOU APPLY FOR A JOB-- GO HOME AND CHANGE YOUR [illegible]NALITY.
OH, ONE MORE THING: THEY'RE PROBABLY GUNNING FOR YOU, TOO-- SO KEEP YOUR LEGAL-EAGLE EYES OPEN, HUH?
FUNNY, HOLMES. EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING IS ROLLICKING.
≥Quaaagh≤ I SHOULD'A KNOWN-- NOBODY EVER GETS IN THE LAST WORD WITH A LAWYER...
...EXCEPT ANOTHER LAWYER
"UNEMPLOYABLE"-- HAH!
NED-PLUCKING-PACKER OFFERED ME A JOB WITH GODCORP, HOLMES!
IF I'D ACCEPTED, THEY WOULDN'T BE TRYING TO OFF ME-- AND I WOULDN'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOUR SMART REMARKS.
'COURSE... THE LITTLE GUY WOULD'VE GONE UNAVENGED.
≥SIGH≤ IT'S ALL TRADE-OFFS, AIN'T IT. HUH??
≥QUAAAGH!!
SHHHHH!! DON'T YOU BE SCARED!!
MOMMIE IS HERE! SHE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU-

-- FOREVER AND EVER!!!
UNNGH!-- A BARBECUE FORK?!? THEN, YOU'RE-- MEDEA!!!


WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOOTS-- PUNCTURING LITTLE TYKES GET BORING?
NO CHALLENGE STABBING AN INFANT IN ITS CRIB??
DON'T YOU DARE TALK TO MOMMIE THAT WAY!!!

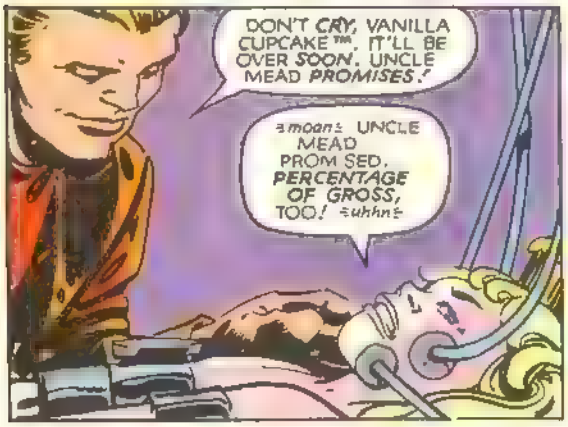

MOMMIE WILL PUNISH YOU FOR BEING SO RUDE AND NASTY!
WOWEEWOW!! SHE SCREAMS JUST LIKE YOU, MOM!!
CINDY! DON'T YOU DARE TALK TO MOMMIE THAT WAY!
ECLIPSE

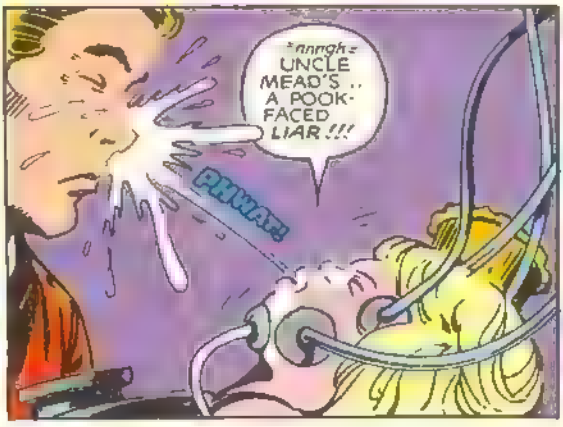

HOLY MACARONI! IT'S A DUCK, MA! JUST LIKE AT DISNEY WORLD!
HI, DONALD! HI!!
THE NAME'S DUKE, HONEY - AND STAND BACK!
I GOT DANGEROUS BUSINESS WITH THAT CHEAP FACSIMILE OF MATERNAL INSTINCT!

IT'S NOT NICE TO CALL PEOPLE NAMES!
YOU COULD HURT THEIR FEELINGS--
--AND THEN THEY'LL WANT TO HURT YOU BACK!
CHUK!
QUAARRGH
THAT'S WHY YOU MUST BE PUNISHED!
SO YOU WON'T BE RUDE AGAIN-- NOT EVER!
YEAH, WELL-- I WAS BROUGHT UP DIFFERENT, LADY!
MY POP ALWAYS SAID "STICKS AN' STONES CAN MASH YER BONES"--
--"SO BE SURE YOU GOT THE STICKS AN' STONES!"
YOU-- WITH THE FORKS!-- HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

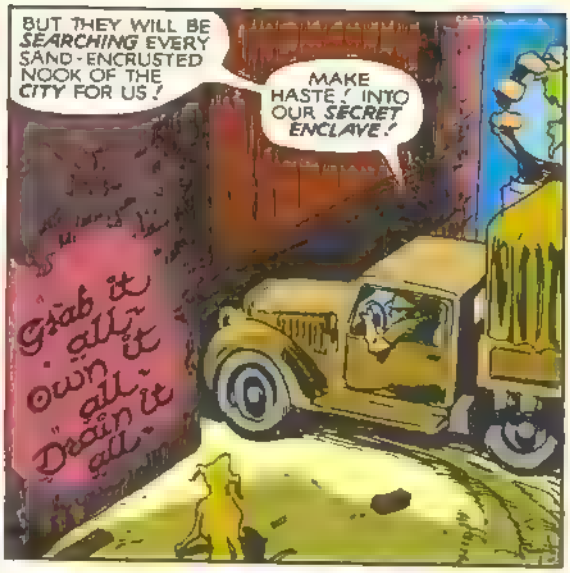
STAY OUT OF THIS! IT'S A PARENTAL MATTER!
CHOK!
THWUK!
⇒!⇐
AWW! DID MOMMIE GIVE YOU A FRIGHT?
POOR WIDDLE DUCK LOOKS LIKE HE MESSED HIS PANTS!
COME ALONG, NOW- AND MOMMIE WILL FIX YOU ALL UP!
YOU HEAR ME, DUCK-- COME ALONG--
-- OR MOMMIE WILL PLAY THE GAME ALL BY HERSELF!
DAMN! SOME KINDA TOXIN ON THE CURLER! ARM'S AS COLD AS YESTERDAY'S OATMEAL -- AND ABOUT AS USEFUL!
I'M COMIN', MA -- JUST A MINUTE!

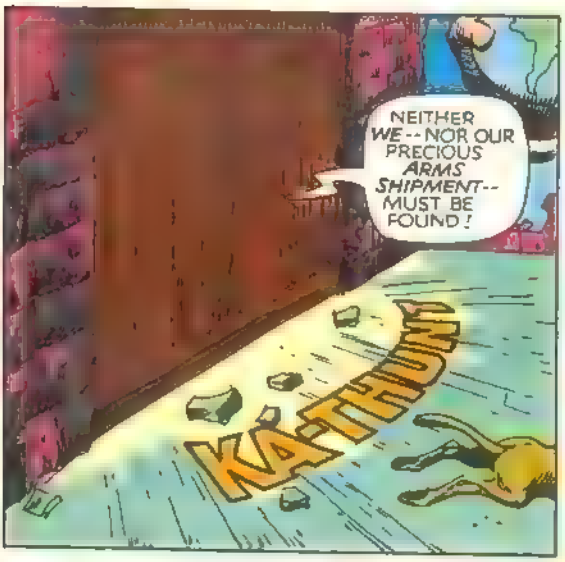
MEANWHILE, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF MEDICAL CONCEPTS, LTD., WITHIN THE GODCORP COMPLEX..
EE-EE-EE-EEE
GODCORP LTD
MEDICAL CONCEPTS, LTD
IT'S A SHAME WE CAN'T SYNTHESIZE THE FORMULA YET, DR. ROXNITZ...
AAAARRRGGHH
... BUT THE PAIN SHE'S FEELING WILL BE GONE BY MORNING.
WHEREAS, THE REVENUE SHE'S GENERATING WILL BE THERE THE REST OF HER LIFE ?
EXACTLY, DOCTOR
THESE PERIODIC GLANDULAR TAPS ARE THE PRICE SHE PAYS FOR BEING VANILLA CUPCAKE™ -- THE SYMBOL OF FRIENDSHIP WITH ICING ON TOP TO CHILDREN THE WORLD OVER
AND THE HOTTEST LICENSING PROPERTY IN HISTORY, Mr. PACKER?
DO I DETECT A NOTE OF DISAPPROVAL, DOCTOR ?
HEAVENS, NO! I ADORE THE SOUND OF MONEY JANGLING AND LITTLE CHILDREN WAILING IN AGONY!
WAAAAAAA

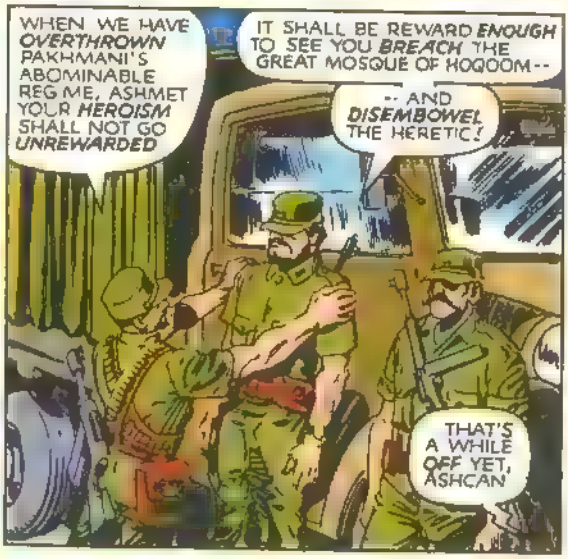

DON'T CRY, VANILLA CUPCAKE™. IT'LL BE OVER SOON. UNCLE MEAD PROMISES!
=moan= UNCLE MEAD PROMISED. PERCENTAGE OF GROSS, TOO! =uhhn=


=nnngh= UNCLE MEAD'S .. A POOK-FACED LIAR!!!
PHWAP

CONCOMITANTLY, IN HOQOOM
SUPERIOR DRIVING, PRIVATE ASHMET!
AFTER A SEVEN-HOUR CHASE, WE HAVE SUCCESSFULLY ELUDED THE HERETIC PAKHMANI'S TROOPS!


BUT THEY WILL BE SEARCHING EVERY SAND-ENCRUSTED NOOK OF THE CITY FOR US!
MAKE HASTE! INTO OUR SECRET ENCLAVE!
Grab it all. Own it all. Drain it all.


NEITHER WE -- NOR OUR PRECIOUS ARMS SHIPMENT -- MUST BE FOUND!
KA-THUNK


WHEN WE HAVE OVERTHROWN PAKHMANI'S ABOMINABLE REGIME, ASHMET YOUR HEROISM SHALL NOT GO UNREWARDED
IT SHALL BE REWARD ENOUGH TO SEE YOU BREACH THE GREAT MOSQUE OF HOQOOM --
-- AND DISEMBOWEL THE HERETIC!
THAT'S A WHILE OFF YET, ASHCAN

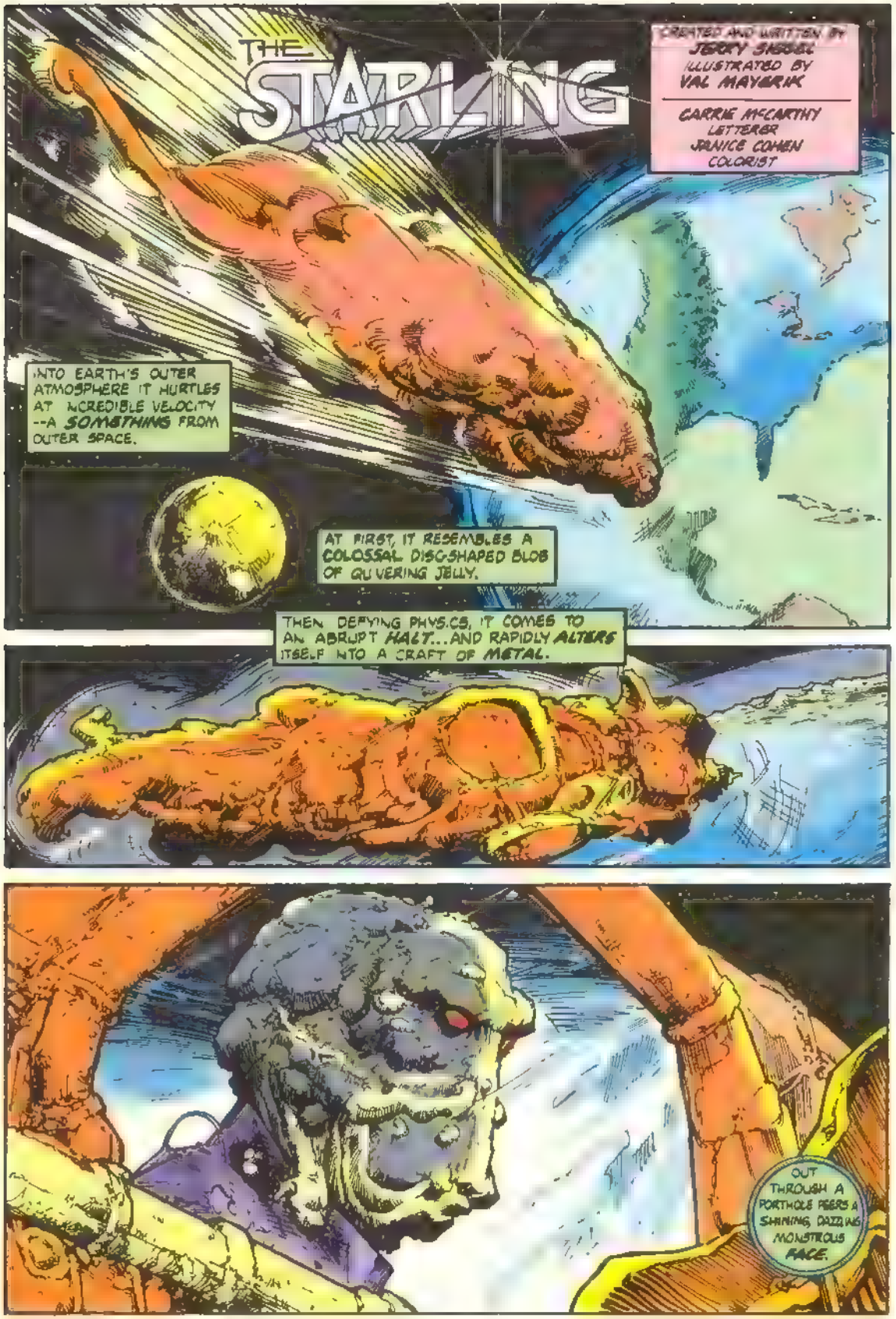
FIRST, THE GENERAL'S GOTTA MEET WITH MR. UPWIND IN SWITZERLAND, RIGHT?
PARTY ANIMAL
AND HEY, NO HARD FEELIN'S ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED ON THE ROOF, OKAY? LIKE I TOLD YOU BOYS -- I DIDN'T WANNA DIE HERE!
sputum of satan!

MANHATTAN
A TRAFFIC SNAG HAS DEVELOPED AT THE CORNER OF MADISON AVENUE AND 57th STREET
WHADDAYA DOON, YA LOONY-BOID?! G'DOUDDA MY WAY!
POW
DON'T YOU TELL MOTHER WHAT TO DO, LITTLE BOY!
ALLAYOUSE!!! SHUDDUP YER PUNIMS AN' CLEAR DA STREET!!!
I CAN'T!! I GOT A BARBECUE FORK IN MY DISTRIBUTOR CAP!

YOU HOID DA COP, LADY! MOVE ALONG-- BEFORE I BREAK YER COCKEYED FACE!
ARE YOU THREATENING MOMMIE? IN PUBLIC?! DIDN'T ANYONE TEACH YOU ANY RESPECT?!?!
YOU'VE MADE MOMMIE VERY EMBARRASSED ... !!
SO MOMMIE IS GOING TO DISCIPLINE YOU !!!
THE HELL YOU ARE, LADY--!!
EAT HOT COCOBOLO!!
FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL MIND YOUR M--
THWICK
OH-- FUDGE!!!
= omigod =
=UNNGH= WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?! YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO INTERFERE BETWEEN A BOY AND HIS MOTHER!
EXCEPT IN CASES OF CHILD ABUSE-- AND I THINK THIS QUALIFIES--!

C'MON, MEDEA -- ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! CALL OFF THE CARNAGE AND LET'S BREAK FOR LUNCH!
I'LL BUY YOU A WEENIE, AND PERSONALLY ESCORT YOU TO THE NEAREST ISOLATION WARD!
GASP! WEENIE?!? WHY -- YOU DESPICABLE --!!!
HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR WEENIE -- !!!
QUAA-AGH!!
STEAKS!! RIBS!! THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HAVING!! THIS IS SUPPERTIME!!!
YOU HAVE WEENIES EVERY DAY FOR LUNCH -- !!!
URRRGGH MUST'VE STRUCK A NERVE...!
DAMN YOU, MEDEA! COME BACK HERE! I'M ONLY WOUNDED! MOMMIE DIDN'T WIN!
YOU HEAR ME, LADY?! YOU'RE NOT EVEN A..
unnh
..NOT EVEN A... COMPETENT... PSYCHOPATH...
... LET ALONE A MOTHER!
WITH THAT, THE GRIM GRAY MALLARD FALLS.

VANILLA EXTRACT!


THE STARLING
CREATED AND WRITTEN BY JERRY SIEGEL
ILLUSTRATED BY VAL MAYERIK
CARRIE McCARTHY LETTERER
JANICE COHEN COLORIST
INTO EARTH'S OUTER ATMOSPHERE IT HURTLES AT INCREDIBLE VELOCITY --A SOMETHING FROM OUTER SPACE.
AT FIRST, IT RESEMBLES A COLOSSAL DISC-SHAPED BLOB OF QUIVERING JELLY.
THEN, DEFYING PHYSICS, IT COMES TO AN ABRUPT HALT...AND RAPIDLY ALTERS ITSELF INTO A CRAFT OF METAL.
OUT THROUGH A PORTHOLE PEERS A SHINING, DIZZING MONSTROUS FACE.

THE FACE CHANGES BIZARRELY, TRANSFORMING INTO THAT OF AN EXTRAORDINARILY HANDSOME, GLOWING HUMANOID!
THEN, THE CRAFT RESUMES ITS DESCENT.
ON EARTH, IT IS SPRING, 1968. WAR STILL RAGES IN VIETNAM. MARTIN LUTHER KING IS THREE WEEKS DEAD. ROBERT KENNEDY IS STILL ALIVE...
...AND IN A SECLUDED WOODS IKMA ZANE READS A PAPERBACK ROMANCE.
All for Love
MY LIFE IS SO DRAB AND EMPTY.
IF ONLY I HAD SOMEONE WONDERFUL TO LOVE! LIKE THE HEROES IN BOOKS LIKE THIS..
WHAT IF SHE TELLS?
CAN A CORPSE TALK?
OH MY GOD...!

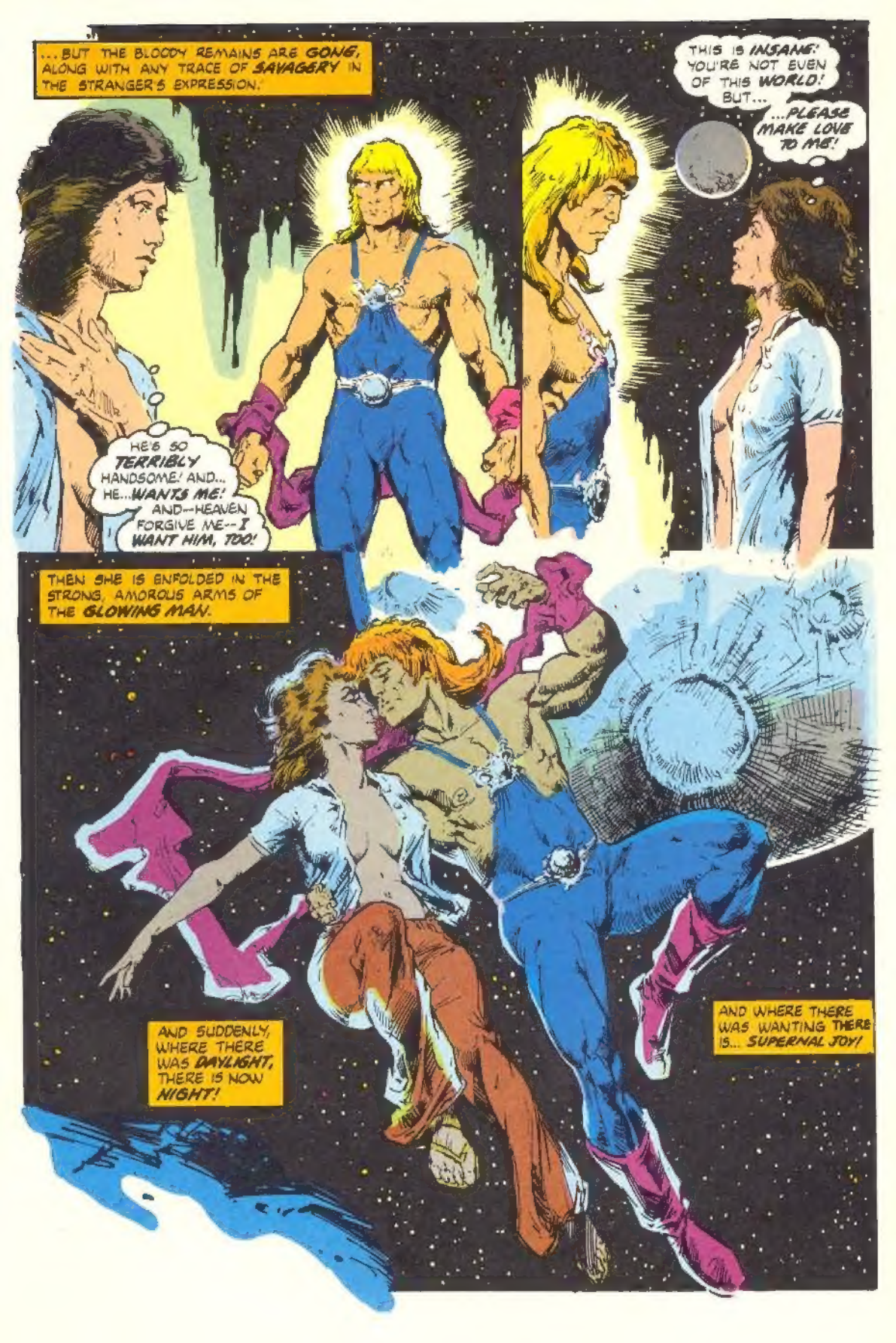
S-STAY AWAY FROM ME! WHAT DO YOU WANT--?
GUESS!
=EEEEEEE=
HEY, MAN, SHE'S A GOOD GUESSER!
NOW, SHUT UP AN ENJOY IT!
HEY--ME FIRST, MAN. I FOUND 'ER'
'D DN'T I TELL YA SHE'D BE A GAS--?
STOP IT! LET ME GO! I BEG YOU!!
FWOOOSH!
WUZZAT?
TH-THAT GLOWING GUY! HE LOOKS SORE AT US.
HE'S AN INVADER FROM OUTER SPACE, MAN! LET'S GET HIM BEFORE HE GETS US!

STONE TH' SPACE-JERK!
YEAH, ;WAHAE GO BACK TO YER FLYIN' SAUCER-!!
APPARENTLY INFLUENCED BY THE POINTING, GLOWING HAND, THE HURTLING STONES CHANGE DIRECTION, AND...
KRRUNNCH
UH... MAYBE WE OUGHTTA BEAT IT, MAN!
AN' LET OUR GIRLFRIEND RUN TO THE COPS?
WE AIN'T GOIN' NO PLACE--'TIL WE KILL THAT SPACE-CRE-E-EEEP!!
THE GLOWING MAN POINTS AGAIN...
PETE? WHA-WHAT'S HAPPENIN'-?!?
DAMN YOU!! LET US GO!!
QUIT TOYIN' WITH US.
HAA-HAHA-AAA!!

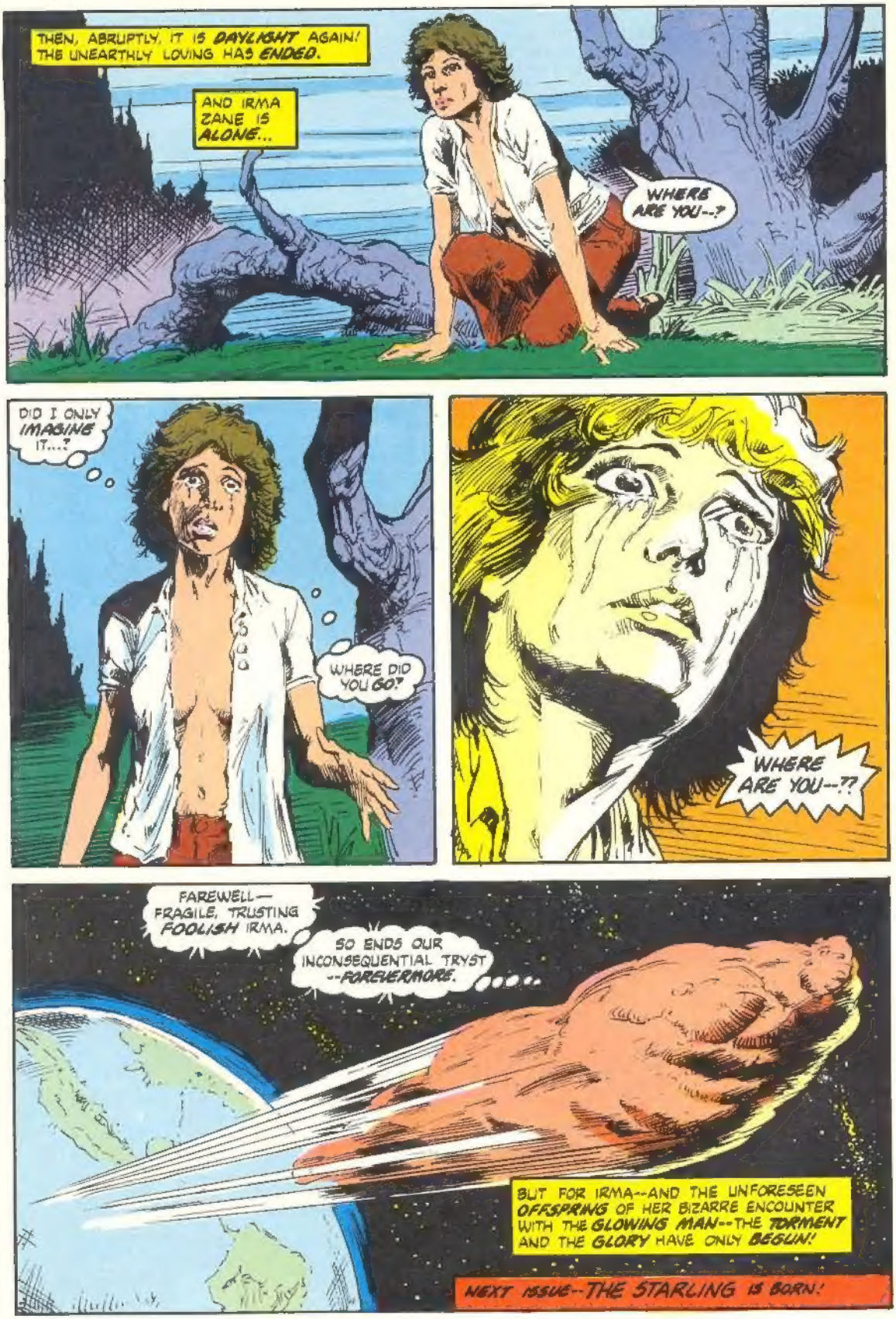
SSSS
PAAASSH!!
EE-EEEEEEE!!

OOH... IT'S HORRIBLE... HORRIBLE!!...

AND YET, MOMENTS LATER, SHE IS COMPELLED TO LOOK AGAIN.
THE GLOWING MAN IS STILL THERE...


...BUT THE BLOODY REMAINS ARE GONE, ALONG WITH ANY TRACE OF SAVAGERY IN THE STRANGER'S EXPRESSION.
THIS IS INSANE! YOU'RE NOT EVEN OF THIS WORLD! BUT...
...PLEASE MAKE LOVE TO ME!
HE'S SO TERRIBLY HANDSOME! AND... HE...WANTS ME! AND--HEAVEN FORGIVE ME--I WANT HIM, TOO!
THEN SHE IS ENFOLDED IN THE STRONG, AMOROUS ARMS OF THE GLOWING MAN.
AND SUDDENLY, WHERE THERE WAS DAYLIGHT, THERE IS NOW NIGHT!
AND WHERE THERE WAS WANTING THERE IS... SUPERNAL JOY!

SOMEWHERE, FAR BEYOND MERE REALITY, IRMA ZANE OF EARTH AND THE GLOWING MAN FROM THE STARS FIERCELY CONJOIN!
EVERY BODILY CELL OF THE EARTH-GIRL RESPONDS WITH DELIGHT!


THEN, ABRUPTLY, IT IS DAYLIGHT AGAIN! THE UNEARTHLY LOVING HAS ENDED.
AND IRMA ZANE IS ALONE...
WHERE ARE YOU--?
DID I ONLY IMAGINE IT...?
WHERE DID YOU GO?
WHERE ARE YOU--??
FAREWELL— FRAGILE, TRUSTING FOOLISH IRMA.
SO ENDS OUR INCONSEQUENTIAL TRYST --FOREVERMORE.
BUT FOR IRMA--AND THE UNFORESEEN OFFSPRING OF HER BIZARRE ENCOUNTER WITH THE GLOWING MAN--THE TORMENT AND THE GLORY HAVE ONLY BEGUN!
NEXT ISSUE--THE STARLING IS BORN!